

SEAN TATOL

LONG S



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Arcadia

He is forever green, crispoque the box. Therefore, it is different pipe deeds Delitiis suited to a tender and loving tree, a pale color, her pale lover.

Studded sky, green grass, singing etc.

It is not my music that wins the girl, who is the music since purity is not appropriate to have a girl wins. Nor is it by the cunning is not the strength of the body.

[“And from the nymph, ignorant is the source of Mount Lycaeus, which, like the river Istros, produces the same amount of winter water in the summer.”]

Beneath the settlement there are many cramped olives terraces, the last samples of cultures that at other times were spreading around it. Now, the oldest fields are already besieged by dense vegetation of hollies, maple leaves, pens, anchovies and squash. Characteristic note in the area imparts an impressive bird species, the rock-bass, small birds that are closely connected to the rocks. Their loud melancholy song is heard everywhere, through the alleys, from the castle.

The garden day is a matter of interest, and the door is always closed.

Relying on the south window to be proud, to judge the ease of the knee.

When you are good at everything, you will feel the rest of your life.

he was always a friend of his, the firm grate of fog made him a great pleasure to contemplate;

With horror thought under a Cypress,

Search Adorno will appear, waves the Beard,

That gives me the pour of my mouth

With the goat vented and pebbles anchora,

While sleeping in China was

of dewy herbs was covered,

hours of a beautiful flower Weeping embraces

In the vague smelling, beautiful Cyprus

From winds accompanied, humid makes.

The hour that the branches collapses, and makes the fronds

gliuommero (ball of thread)

e o u r

anchor (11), bell (1), bird (7), bull's head (18), cross (1), crown (17), hat (59), keys (1), letters (2), mount (6), orb (2), scales (118) and scissors (1).

Dark olive-green endpapers,

f. (1r, title; f. (1v, blank; f. (2r, Giovanni Battista Caro, Epistola a Hieronimo Cardinal di Correggio; ff. (3v-(4r, blank; f. (4v, title; f. A1r, Hannibal Caro, Delle lettere familiari, libro primo]; f. †1r, index; f. †3r, errori de la stampa; f. †4v, blank

though they turn away, and they do the youth. and he said, “ I’m glad to say hello, and I’m not trying what they are, he said, watching. “the oak trees are drifting in torrents at night and on the day of sunbathing, the boson and the sunshine or the droplets of sunflowers are thrown away. This is why, as a result, the kennel was given a feather. it is also raining and on the view.”

Italian coarsely and sideways., an emperor, a sovereign, a slave and a stigma. favors, favors, palm trees and seeds.

this I judge very much of all the others with the uncle Hion of the nose, of the sappers, of the cuneiform, and of the mouth of the dark, darkening clouds, and of the roses, and of the cruel smell of everywhere. ambrosia and nectar, that is, this nectar has provided a pineapple for the best, the fiesta of the Eresios Fodus, their marsh-mallow. On the vineyard of the spring, on the boil of the soft wine, what smell I was eating. And who is a strong foxer do not want to squeeze it, no longer cut sharpening in a mole it seems; car ges wine water do not fetz God when eating, and wanted to peal E become D’aiga than years old.

Well, I came for grazing honey.

Hydrated and full of saffron we sat in the shade of a tree, and the onion and olive bread was an unprecedented dessert meal.

Its route is through willows, poplars, and oxen.

Its slopes are full of holm oaks, anchovies, laurels, maple trees, wild shrubs, maple trees, shrubs, willows, plateaus, poplars, willows, plateaus, poplars, slats, myrtles, leaflets, and plants.

Ephemeral gullies, on the other hand, can be plowed in and tilled across depending upon their depth and width. They are somewhat transitory rather than permanent like classical gullies. Ephemeral gullies will reform in the same location in a field where flow from upslope regions concentrates. Creation of a grass waterway where an ephemeral gully forms can often control this type of erosion.

A little dew is enough to make the cicadas tipsy, but when they have drunk they sing louder than swans.

--these who are lighght, lovers of spring, Paionian virgin vales to glide; with dry caves and dens... container of man-made wine, he has always tried to make branches who sand exulting on pens, whose depths are the extent of the earth; n are Naiads, II): "Rosy-armed Nymphs." hinge, and the balmy gale: with goats and pastures pleased, and beasts of prey, nurses of fruits... whom oaks delight olive ten Phoenixes." "Nymphs, who from vine your birth, who dwell in liquid caverns of the earth... o glide... whom woods delight... whose streams exhale the plankton, water at their own Fragment 3

"A

Nonnus, Dionysiaca 42. 98 ff:

"The unvariegation from Aromatics, Nymphs, who are care, meant dew; and the Anthusae have hair that resembles 235 :who nourish flowers... who in dens and dews, purses of Bacchus, secret-coursing powers, fructiferous Goddesses, whose king from Oceanus famed derive meadows dwell, and swiftly soar tail, fountains, your birth, who dwell in liquid caverns, lovers of spring. I am setting myself on the very tent of liberation."

Hesiod, The Precepts of Chiron, Anacreon, For winding streams you drops of dew from of the earth; are Naiads, II):

"Rosy-armed Nymphai," and the balmy gale: with goats and pastures pleased, and beasts of prey, nurses of fruits... whom oaks delight ere hair; and the lean veiled Naiad. diving in 1 to the Nymphs (train to her spring, which had one colour with her body.) ease reference on tea, Lyric, Imagine

Oh joy with wandering height, to your suppliant's wide and gentle course through flowery mn 2 to Demeter 415

"The joicing, a daughter inspired, through air, fountains, and dews, and winding streams your care, seen as look at them by classes; some and and stridulous, whom woods delight: Nymphs odorous, robed in white, whose streams exhale the breeze refreshing, and the balmy gale: with goats and pastures pleased, and beasts of prey, nurses of fruits, unconscious , and it is a matter of grave circles in the world. A she-goat rushing to browse on a wild pear recovered her sight from the tree, and lo I was no longer blind in one eye."

This is one footpath I'll remember, girl.

Divers

Chartreuse, no, red, yellow-blue
motley James

I made my eyelash

Scale of a clipping, trifle sweet ladies and

This,

summer wine, when the Verdist flower smells good,
But that night I bid, a fickle stump of supplement

I see red, green, blue, yellow, white
in garden, close plain, hill and dale;
in Flanders or Apulia.

I don't much like hauberk and flag
for her, but with anyone else,
to give, enjoy and jest with them:
courts and wars and feasting,
and who prepares himself for these
ought soon to have his men subdued.

Festival-goers speak by a tree

Some consider themselves good against the green mal that is being
pushed up the streets, it is mentioned how to decorate with many of
them (dry or green?)

Bottle, crab, clout, toadstool, shrub, scrip, and hobbinoll;

Dust, sand, horn, grit, grine, tap, and ledger

Bulls to the west, Bears to the east

Primrose and kilts, primrose and Spain

Mahlongwa River Breach

hey

Grain hail entereats Pescodd Time to 'LuniSmtutiprifccienza conofciuri useless one.

gold sheets move the earth, bring the sea water. ocel, luster, has water. how dare you, what are you doing? they go. I am deigned. Yes, the big ones
His back is largely flat, mammellonato and pratoso; it keeps its west side covered with a graceful eyebrow giving the traveler the impression that he is in the same position; in the east it is sterile and almost naked

to the disintegration of roofs,

8 (at the ruine de no fi re amenif fi l gardens

River boat

Grass arms

edit Blake venting, slide into the corner

I can't participate, the couples through the day are overdrawn

The leaves be green

Plant a spike,

and the second is again a great many;

Could it be debt, or just a piece when we let out, it could be
talking, but how tastes go now are split. How sends

Vine Together with a Leaf

dim erosion forecasting at ease

crowds leave,

Pepper specializes in slowness, and you want to be full

of praise

I won't participate, note

alcohol-shape

Micro fortune, that blind ignorance.

The green leaves are glorious and they are very gratifying.

Past at it in a tire, grist bare fishing village

Aire

Castalia

Had he neither eaten greedily of the laurel, nor drunk the water of Castalia, nor ever been supercilious about wisdom? Tell us then about manliness.

Chalcon himself, who by setting his knee firmly against a rock made the fountain Bourina spring up beneath his foot. Nearby, poplars and elms wove a shady grove with their green foliage arching above.¹

Chalcon whose sturdy knee planted once against the rock both made Bourina fount to gush forth at his feet and caused elm and aspen to weave above it a waving canopy of green leaves and about it a precinct of shade.²

Calchon himself, who made the spring of Bourina gush forth from his foot when he pressed his knee to the rock. And just beside the spring, poplars and elms with canopies of foliage high overhead wove with their green leaves shadows for the grove.³

and Chalknos It was a stone-threshing stone, it was a bull's-eye, it was a tall tree, it was chloroquine, it was a horseshoe, and it was slaughtered, it was slaughtered, it was slaughtered, it was slaughtered, it was slaughtered, it was slaughtered.⁴

Many a poplar and elm murmured above our heads; trickling down from a cave of the nymphs, a sacred spring plashed nearby; on the shady branches the dusky cicadas worked hard at their song; far off in the dense brambles the tree frog kept up its crooning; linnets and finches sang; doves were cooing, and humming bees were flying around the spring. Everywhere was the smell of rich harvest, the smell of gathered fruits. Pears rolled plentifully at our feet and apples by our side, and the branches weighed down with sloes were bent to the ground. Wine jars were opened which had been sealed for four years. Nymphs of Castalia who dwell on Mt. Parnassus, could it have been a bowl like this that old Chiron provided for Heracles in Pholus' rocky cave?⁵

¹ Neil Hopkinson, trans. *Theocritus, Moschus, Bion* (Loeb Classical Library, 2015), p. 117.

² J. M. Edmonds, trans. *The Greek Bucolic Poets* (Loeb Classical Library, 1912), p. 93.

³ Barbara Hughes Fowler, trans. *Hellenistic Poetry: An Anthology* (U of Wisconsin, 1990), p. 16.

⁴ Theocritus, Idyll VII, Google trans.

⁵ Hopkinson, *op. cit.*, p. 131.

Many an aspen, many an elm bowed and rustled overhead, and hard by, the hallowed water welled purling forth of a cave of the Nymphs, while the brown cricket chirped busily amid the shady leafage, and the tree-frog murmured aloof in the dense thornbrake. Lark and goldfinch sang and turtle moaned, and about the spring the bees hummed and hovered to and fro. All nature smelt of the opulent summer-time, smelt of the season of fruit. Pears lay at our feet, apples on either side, rolling abundantly, and the young branches lay splayed upon the ground because of the weight of their damsons.

Meanwhile we broke the four-year-old seal from off the lips of the jars, and O ye Castalian Nymphs that dwell on Parnassus' height, did ever the aged Cheiron in Pholus' rocky cave set before Heracles such a bowlful as that?⁶

and above our heads many poplars and many elms
made murmuring sound, and sacred water close at hand
from the rocky cave of the Nymphs came trickling and splashing down,
while on the shadowy boughs the swarthy cicadas kept up
their chattering song, and far off the tree frog
called in dense thorns of the wild raspberry brake.

The larks and the finches sang and the turtledove mourned,
and the tawny bees flitted and hummed about the springs,
and everything smelled of rich summer, of harvest time.

Wild pears rolled at our feet, and at our sides
apples in plenty, and saplings hung low to the ground,
their branches weighted down with the burden of wild plums,
and the four-year seal was loosed from the head of the wine jars.

O Nymphs of Castalia who keep the steep of Mount Parnassus,
was it such a bowl as this that old Cheiron set
before Heracles in Pholus' rocky cave?⁷

many of the amines overflowed state-by-state, and in the sacred water of the Nymph, six descendants descended. And the shadows gliding around, a pain in the throat of a lazy freak, having a pain in the back of a duck, squeezed it in, dodged pineapples and prickly pears. Always not a little pawn, though I am for the most part, on the side of the teddy bear, without any insignificance. quadruped pithos indefinite state of alimony Nymph Castilians Parnassus land I have, good-bye to this day Fola, so called man of the crater Hercules, old man of Chiropractic?⁸

⁶ Edmonds, *op. cit.*, pp. 105-107.

⁷ Fowler, *op. cit.*, p. 20.

⁸ Theocritus, *op. cit.*

Maquis & Garrigue

Two is the shape of the hand
sybarite in geography
a coral lip when asleep, he put on the tender violets, and all
A green beam
effortless rain is always equal in force
joyfully here to get down to his
forest solid shores and ruth the old me

Counts and kings, where is the cut? It's not
chopped knitwear and a number of horses
like the dry tree, salt and how to bundle if there are no shades
little bit a bad sea, Mirrors and flowers
when the sweet air turns bitter,
And how much do I fear that the lawyer beckoned to him and the greenery.
Don't answer every jester,
Satisfaction is for the sick.

Because it does not cost much for jealousy or morning,
misunderstanding a thing to take is worth more.
Color, fresh and natural
I do not know so much about knowing,
The good pool to have a naked one.

Displays, well-known as ever,
To hear nothing obsessed
A stone box with half-open lid, from which a snake emerges,
all within a wreath of ivy with berries.
The more the foot of the saffron is trampled, the
more floral it grows abundantly.
The virtuous heart so much more is panicked,
And more resists all clutter.

Offa's Ditch

people, a genera of leafy mildew. a cup on
the top of a hill, a pool of sentiment

Setting foot in the river with weird colour;
Wearing a high cap

[missing words, should be the left half plus grass head, sound stop]

The table is independent of the top of the hill.

Looking at the vegetables and the car

However, it's worthwhile to be polite and euphemistic.

The first five grams is the curse; the

first one has the second; and the same is the second,

the third soul is of the fourth; and the fourth queen of the wicked;

5 the fifth, and the fourth.

The wall is decorated with purple altar, sowing the fragrant laurel.

You do not walk in that chamois, and in the cliffs grow humble and taciturn

Grime, joking in happy field.

Because, as in the past, in a golden cloud,

the flowery and vague meadow

À who more can, cogliam different flowers

There is no such thing as a prince, the valley is full of trails and flows.

Shore Ditch

An arched bridge frames the bases of the trees while walking in. The ground has been tilled flat and is covered with grass. The surrounding wall is a steep stone face. The forest becomes denser above, towards the mountain. Behind the framed copse is an inclined series of grass terraces with a narrow path leading downwards between them. The bridge is in the center of the space, the grove is to the left. We are standing to the right, a ways off, which is why the arch frames their trunks. You can hear the sea and the arid soil beneath your feet. The bridge connects to the trail that leads upwards to the mountain.

Car Ditch

It is the first in the history of plants to write ..

Underground the hot and delicious, the good of the tuber lemon, with their flies and rhizomes, and they are well-suited to the chalice length, good roots of it, etc.

and in columns of sea, water is more than rich, fungi grow to sea

It is also automatically made from land in the sandy places
and what else is underground

As the auteur, at the beginning of openness,

In a pasture,

I read a song from a song of the six days of the week.

I love my horse and my wheelbarrow

I go uphill and am not displeased, for my mind makes me think fine thoughts.

Everything in the centuries is misleading

For a tree that is born I do not see the branches, two or three.

23 anti-stimulations

He will never go upstairs, and he will not go out of his way.

And he also dries sweet water from the plains,

slim and prosperous, the sum total of his wealth

The sickle cuts the grass

I'll not go out in the country

A good list of good lovers

June's cool foliage and promise gauge:

August, the ground of controversy;

..... Oh!

The bugs fed on me with gusto till they were disgusted,

but I myself laboured till I was disgusted, dislodging the bugs.

Grim's Ditch

Fressures: meat consommé, pork blood, crumbled bread, onions and cinnamon (Vendée): Its premium: slices of bread and cheese dipped in broth, the monks were served after the bounty service six o'clock in the morning; Hoschepotz: potpourri, full of pint of various species. I respect the vertical arrangement here, and then I must read these lists line by line, from right: "White bread. Roll. Choine. Bread Bourgeois bonnades. Cabirotales. Coscotons. Lanyards. ", Etc. ps. See, for example 16. Bread moller [...] Salmiguondins: Calf bread is all the garrets will tell you, of average quality: Cabirotales round bread, light and tasty; the bourgeois is, touadtsh of a kid; sinapised: covered with papua and german (see Pant, Prol., 36); Take a plate of the moment when one sits, as an after-meal, Souppes made with brown bread (cf TL, XV.)

For example, the silly ridicule called Manduce 563 baskets, baskets, balls, moths. Adon under the leadership of Manduce, who did not know what Dithyrambes, ranuce 25 nons onss, offered to their Die, epalocomes, Epæn beilles and marmites, Hippocras bouvrans tender roustie cuttlefish "White bread." Choinades of six Bread bread Bourgeois bread. Rousty veal ribbons Raspberries cold sapsulated polder Zinziberine Nine species sweets Saute plate Cassettes de Levrier Grasses Souppes Chous cabutz à la mouelle Souppes Lionnoises Hoschepotz of beef Salmiguondins in blane, as Reuvaige eternal parmy, precedent the good and friant suyvant claiet wine and vermeil frays, I you in foyd "as the ice servy and offered in large s fades you asses of money. Puyss offer o Rattles capparasson. e, born of mustache Cervelat Saulcissions. Pfine. years of Saulsisses. Hams Languages of baeuf fuchs of wild boars. but Saused salmon with poys Venison salad with noodles. Hastereaux. ricandaux Olives colymbades The all associated of brevaige sempiternel. ePuyss put him in jail:

Beech Bottom Ditch

Oregano, clams, frisée, Benedictine, duck, apricot jam on toast with coffee, Cambozola, turkey, olive, Mortlach, walnuts, bitter orange, eye, honey, partridges, cuticles, cuticles, skin, quail, pine, Kermes oak, green oak, leaf litter, thyme, rosemary, tarragon, laurel, Jupiter, liquorice, almond, fig, oil, lavender, wild blackberries.

The lazy adhering ribbon and pearls of the pear tree.

A large black pig stands under a splinted branch,

Archilochus is called, the most detailed dialect of all of them. Halo, loop.

Scallop hull slide, bulbs and good charms subvert as well as rain storms.

This is the 8th century and the air is the most beautiful, and the rocks and the waters of the day with the lake of red is a fine image. It has what is aromatic and calmly salted, and according to the city of Copon, it is, and fast-digesting, and the fiery dawn does not hurt.

I tend to my place by picking vegetables, digging, potting plants, drinking wine and so on. I have a vase and a shovel. Many of the wines have the same qualities and colors to offer, or the most virgin olive oil, and it is a pleasure to see in it the miraculous gift of pleasure: Attic drinking water, or an unpolluted lettuce, or smoke hanging on the stream.

A Ditch Full of Grass

Pascal uses his heart
on the blankened row,
four others

a muddy leaf

Until this 4 minutes later,
straitened in my space.

A Tree in the 12th Century

When I see the other vergiers unfold
Horns and corn and light grass,
Plantagenet bulbs, Fulk, Scotch broom, for example,
The color of the color of brown leaves, thin Saint with hunting eagle
The King of Wales, My son,

It looks like water sometimes runs down to the gravelly bottom of the ditch with
spinach flowers, the branches are red and green and white.

When the flowers are a novel, they see it. I do not touch, that all my heart might.

More rounds of your volumes from polite lands with the premiers

Anz, who is the flowers, like you on your axis having grown up in winter, you look
like a garden of laughter. Tangled sense , a . . .

The orange dots, praising to April with its leaves and flowers for hollow
scenes and green, to use a lot or of a falling stick in sandals. Tense plant to occupy, to
say I do not want, to toss the end of the racing day in bare patches. My sister recalls
increased lenders to grow. The ground for the sake, apt and occluded, getting preg-
nant. Masses and berries, colored elms, cracked drink. I am pleased when I am suf-
fering, in January moves beech roots, the corse grail, delicate and fresh and smooth,
curt girls with impure, lofty thoughts. I don't want to get drunk, the throat is more
loving and to kiss would be inappropriate. I have your pardon, for a head rested
crook'd on my neck, to hold a loved neighbor when it comes in summer they enter
raining and reverberating, and Rosemary sleeps peacefully. Sharpening novels, my
Queen of Cremona, my date, in shoes, has terms for weeping that take my grief, this
shaky century, and turn it to oils again.

Title

A wide white building on a terrace, with a dark roof and deep-set windows with four square panes. The front side stands flush against the terrace, the door is on the side opposite in a slightly narrow space between the wall and the sheer face of the hill. This narrow area is shaded at all hours except for small triangles of light that enter at the ends of the walkway when the sun is low, early in the morning and on the other side near dusk.

The creek is overgrown. There are six potted plants in a line along the right wall, which receives the most sun. The plants are not neglected and have been growing well. Hopefully by next summer they will be producing oranges.

Very slowly, a truck crosses the scene, and then it disappears. It leaves behind creases in thorny bushes. It is the wind stirred by the passage of the mass of the truck, making squealing sounds in the dead plants of summer. The truck was gone. The expected accident that will populate the forest. We do not know who, what. And then it stopped.

Finite Impulse

The oysters are steamed and simmered,
The morning comes to mind once more.
In the simmering water, navel ends.
Friday, all roads lead to the bedroom,
Bathing, horseradish, horn, linden, frog, bulb, Thetis, Hyacinthus.
Dwelling flax, "to pass a string through."
A gorgeous river, good-natured and feminine.

Iris spectacular with a thousand dyes, her fingers with ambrosia overspread.
Often you bade her to take her dripping hair in the river and dissolve meal mixed
with salt, with hair unbound and left foot naked.
The wild vine slipping down leaves bare
Her bright breast shortening into sighs;
The privet and the myrtle twined.

Though it allows one to see a streak of blush,
Excess can disrupt a sequence of decisions.
Bricked colors for the same people,
Crouching down and thinking on the wet floor in a humid room
Of all those lovely problems, I can't be distracted when I'm awake.
Black glass, a magnificent collarbone underneath,
Arranging two figures wrapped in thin paper.
He was ruined by his love of opera,
A dandelion under the chin.

Hesperidum

Citron trees in the hill. We saw them to-day.
Diluted orange crust, harmless soft and thin,
pleasant to taste with the bitterness of a smiling face.
It's great to swim, a lovelier shape, soft and lithe,
with nothing disagreeable.
The number of garlands being 365 indicates the course of the year.
"See to peeled figs," I said, eating, "What should eat me?"

Are you captivating?
No truffles, what are you
That pleasures can be worth the money I know well,
Oaks burdened with acorns and the black mastic trees are not untried.
Her mind crept like a dream and fluttered, with dishevelled and floating hair,
Mournful fields, his nod, 171 ;
Often the miller peers on all sides lest the summer slip from his hand.

Purple color spreads in the morning
and summer, and it has a tree in May, when at the same time
What is still white, gardenias,
Buckles in heat.
Light air with pendulous arms,
But the crowd would rise up to us and all of the blessed;
grassy seats and perpetual spring overspread with clouds.
We all care, chase me down.

Music for a While

“As for life, tell me, what is it? Drinking, says I. You can see this from the trees on the banks of copious torrents which are wet day and night: how they grow in size and beauty, while those which resist—as though seized with thirst and dryness—are destroyed root and branch.” - Antiphanes

Beneath the branch of a green May-tree / My joyful heart has gone to sleep
A zucchini and a fig in lush swags
red pastel over this frame.
A threefold cord is broken,
The fated transit of the Graces, telling of an aim of cogitation.

In surcotes white of veluet wele sitting
They were clad, and the semes echone,
As it were a manner garnishing,
That daunced and eke song ful soberly;
But all they yede in maner of compace.
In the morning when they get up they comb and wash with water fresh all,
then put mint, and if they rub into the hands, they use incense.

Like dew falling on grass, flower and spray
Another celestial arc, as the clear sun touches the naked most,
Conserving energy in the hip and thigh
Repeat to table, the vessel is closed,
That Diana for her spreads, basing
To pass over the right plants
It is around the flap of the dress, before
its turns, sending it out in a murmur,
That in you alone leans, and only breathes,
Of every well-read ink example, and fruit,
For thus it is proposed in the figure,
the color green it is united to the line,
which he touches, and so on for the others.

Baruch Spinoza, *Ethics, II. XLIV. Coroll I. Note* .

How this way of looking at things arises, I will briefly explain. We have shown above (II. xvii. and Coroll.) that the mind always regards things as present to itself, even though they be not in existence, until some causes arise which exclude their existence and presence. Further (II. xvii.), we showed that, if the human body has once been affected by two external bodies simultaneously, the mind, when it afterwards imagines one of the said external bodies, will straightway remember the other—that is, it will regard both as present to itself, unless there arise causes which exclude their existence and presence. Further, no one doubts that we imagine time, from the fact that we imagine bodies to be moved some more slowly than others, some more quickly, some at equal speed. Thus, let us suppose that a child yesterday saw Peter for the first time in the morning, Paul at noon, and Simon in the evening; then, that to-day he again sees Peter in the morning. It is evident, from II. Prop. xvii., that, as soon as he sees the morning light, he will imagine that the sun will traverse the same parts of the sky, as it did when he saw it on the preceding day; in other words, he will imagine a complete day, and, together with his imagination of the morning, he will imagine Peter; with noon he will imagine Paul; and with evening, he will imagine Simon—that is, he will imagine the existence of Paul and Simon in relation to a future time; on the other hand, if he sees Simon in the evening, he will refer Peter and Paul to a past time, by imagining them simultaneously with the imagination of a past time. If it should at any time happen, that on some other evening the child should see James instead of Simon, he will, on the following morning, associate with his imagination of evening sometimes Simon, sometimes James, not both together: for the child is supposed to have seen, at evening, one or other of them, not both together. His imagination will therefore waver; and, with the imagination of future evenings, he will associate first one, then the other—that is, he will imagine them in the future, neither of them as certain, but both as contingent. This wavering of the imagination will be the same, if the imagination be concerned with things which we thus contemplate, standing in relation to time past or time present: consequently, we may imagine things as contingent whether they be referred to time present, past, or future.

Like a bird

When you can't get it, you can talk about it.

To weave the hand is not suitable for any man to do before feeling it:

Goodbye garden peach.

Thank you garden apple.

The building is in the water and the water is covered.

[...] this has four tassels

Hundreds of grasses and real courts

She implores her features, she frowns with rage.

The flower and the leaf,

Pure pleasure joints are important because they are truly desirable

What do you see as you kiss me,

A white napkin falling from a hotel window

Holding the palm of my hand with your fingers

Just coming back from a run, sweating under your clothes,

I see a lily on thy brow,

Where the heart is fine

Appropriate

for Robert Browning

"Take the wine with the poet."

subg. *Byronia*, with the type species *polypyrena*

subg. *Prinos*, with 12 species

subg. with the rest of the species

More flowery than the young woman who comes into this city he has.

With the peasants and with my eyes passed by beyond the stream, to aim the great variation of the fresh ones ever; and there appeared to me, as suddenly appears what she says to marvel everything else to think, a solitary woman who is already singing and choosing a flower from which all her way was.

The water bath says the meadow; pint

It is believed by many that Cicero needed.

There is a way that leads to the lower parts of the difficulty

In which the find is seeking a sick water.

This is the heart of the good is said to confer a gentle,

With both the body and offers assistance

March of time begets a lance, a harrow

Large perspective column heavy and vague

One lyric woman, in her crocus vest

Bowl sage meditation in pain

‘Black’ I expect, and ‘White’ ensues reply:

Cold oranges in draught, I peek around once cornered lilies

A hand passes the glass to another hand

Up to the fruit-shaped, perfect chin it lifts!

Figs

Gold sole anchor trembling of pliant
Receptive tank bust between oil human enjoys the power of healing.
Case weekend table apple clasp, bothered
braid inset of evidence
 hoary let arrives the stocking right up
acres of hands in skirts, bucolic and long-browed
It is called a bath of fresh water, too much enthusiasm

Bathe orchid soup who gathered brushwood
Hardly anyone will be able to approach the patient will be a place for.
She's fainting - lift her robes around her gentle curving lips
Twelve members of favors
Vest in white linen, over to a dress with a jacket, and socks together
folds; split mezzo from the side, and below and then padded to the heel,
to which is placed a pedal as the shoe above; and they are well tight,
that when the suit is undressed, one discerns all the owner's nobility.

Roses

As long as we were drunk and spoiled
I spoiled them gratefully.
When the weather was over,
Streams and brooks turned clear in April's Eastertide,
When everything flowers and nobody has enough to eat.

A condition of unsettled temperament,
One hissing letter in a softer sound
Olive oil for the careful resolution to invite St. Jerome,
bowls and screws and remove and Richard Goode.

I do not find that you much kiss me, she said,
in a blindfold for the hair,
the last part, a black dress with sleeves
and in a public place to manifest myself
so that it could be seen by anyone.

It must have been the roses,
when she left me weeping and drew back into the air.
Well I know that all I do is nothing at all
I will be like a portcullis,
Consenting in private, thoughtful and late.

Have faith, I'm going to repair the night and turn around.
All flutter, in no other sense,
You are tall and lithe, nor do you love me,
the linen, however, as you've done and I've got it,
Your smile is cool and you are tender.

Temper

Stout leaf, as in American sides, with the abundant energy in black.
It is not often the form that he is a liar
but always having been approved by the sweetness of the cord,
Blunt & soft and its shape is seen between the length
described as round in the context of a moderate light.

Her body's indecency has all the magnificence of God,
The neat-ankled forest won the walls, the borders.
Not all of you are horsemen, leaves etc
And I didn't even get a lot from Christie's,
For bronze declarations and a very sharp issue in the West.

It's so subtle that I cannot do it anymore,
Art is far better than strength.
The gate of an infinite number of things, similar to these, and
spring dew, draft, nectar, shoe,
linguistics and wide breathing, fennel, or a flower?

In addition, the flavor was excellent,
distinct of gentle solitude by touching to the skin.
The human body cannot fly up to the clouds:
this is the law that affects you.

Some whispered, some rowned, some spake, and some cried.
What a heaven that laws read, a thousand thousand that I saw,
If I may not stretch up to heaven my hand, nor set all in even
this world which ever is in balance, shall I be whole or else die?

Hélène

I thought to serve today's date For two soft term, On

Vat.Pal.gr. 116

It is very difficult not to bathe in rain water,

The woods: the poor man's overcoat

They are wet outside, but you fertilize again;

I do not care about the ground

That the most beautiful mountain you do not know,

She held a feast, but didn't take much care,

Her pretty eyes can shoot a bolt that passes

with the sound of the round balls that bend to the mattress,

What day is coming and the nine is going:

both body and heart, but with great sweetness.

How can one sail, wing to the gray thyme?

In the moist meadow who numbers the blades of grass?

You, Tomorrow, soot, 90 minutes, 40 minutes,

brine and salt and millet and barley.

The more reality or being a thing has, the greater its number of attributes,

Though he was really interested in the deftness of her fluttering hands.

When the rivers of the fountain are

cluttered, if I make myself alone,

you sleep in your beds, silhouette of the best interviews,

Not at all, neither are you laughing,

So it is not raining or selling,

so that he pleases all for naught.

Bitter Nymph

-Draw water from me in silence.

-Why?

-Stop drawing.

-Wherefore?

-Mine is the sweet drink of Quiet.

-You are a disagreeable fountain.

-Taste me and you will see I am still more disagreeable.

-Oh, what a bitter stream!

A plenitude of subtle matter, Her breasts became the spouts of falling water, the stream was her body, the flowers her hair, foam, pistil.

For in the day that we live, as they say, a hedge of all the

Since there are not enough trees on the

The neighboring and at night, they broke up.

Shells to provide the yearly curve,

all the hair is clipped in a tight ring.

Slides she down upon his grained bat

Pale finger in a net, spilled pure water

In the end he declined the painting because he felt the knee was drawn awkwardly

Shape of the harbour, a splint, a crease, a gift

Hell, three of them know,

But I must know how she sleeps

nude or in night-clothing.

I pass a neat sententious juice and weight, which accounts barely enough

to grasp. Rare is that the conformation of the enunciation of the simple, in

the that excel in the bus and two words with one of the name of the so joined together

A weeping book

Thou art one of the marvels of life, and I am filled with infinite wonder at

thee, but do not seek the reason of thy factious course. It is the business and the secret of Nature.

Nude

What do you see when you dress?
And well-essenced, sating how much I tell or return,
Air moving under the branches,
bridges are cut.

but a Coplet from an elegy brings everything ; length of years can change names,
forms, nature, and fortune.
these ... are replaced) ... j acquires Nancy... lash he other today a lane play
I as and others it was genuinely hence they did
and perish act from ask c abdomen
a thigh t thighs'
(oftentimes time long collected and pain)
Secondly it collapses from the source of breathing
Sweat, I swear, Slow mouth, smell onion.

by linen fict, back of the knee
Steps out of the room, Diana's angle
the grotto pace an older friend
tact, the guilty knowledge in their first figures nude Don't eat,
sorrow in your heart.
Phase and pillow to cold, the evening of the long pavilion,
the first break of the shower.
speed and taste, my ordinary occupations
Take it easy.
Take it easy if you sit down
where Venus fingers young shrouds
Can you believe the freshness of the branches?

Angular tile
Fingers on Parian marble
moving past clothes
Nephele, lounged in her boughs.
You walk by,
It is too beautiful still to think about it

The Weight of a Ribbon

Now look

With both my arms I got her neck
a little way raised up

...I did not say no

They gave me another step in the pin,
a point of grace, splints and thread

Grief of a perfect shape in glass

A flat upset stomach, the club of unforgiving skin
seeking to a certain anguish

If they are proud, then they can not be held.

Silk floats

Withholding a task to glove

Four folds happen first

Lying on the back with uplifted upper portion of the body
Black against white tones in a serious conversation

Bough laden

Beethoven's Piano Sonata No. 5 in C minor

Coming away with titles and weeping

Take a little flour, he replied furiously

Your hand is like a toy and three plants appear precious
But I make these thoughts by touching Dryden

Woman sporting lobelias straight through the harbor,

With her dark hair I see oyster pearls
and I am getting away with your privacy.

In September it's also what you thought, touching the black bow in her hair

A rain so fine that one was unaware of it even against a nearby windowpane

My friend is easy, her wrist rests against her neck

You can give me poses, a borrowed tail
Seems suspended even
A bit like deafness or a blindfold.

“A harsh, indeed incredible condition”

Why art thou so restless, skipping from bough to bough?

Venus wins a beautiful voice, her breathing odorous, tuned, the delicacy of curvature, and because the nets are grappling sense, all lumped together. But they are without pride.

I am in the mouth

a nude stepping into the hall

Much of her co-ordinator and curse about the cervix, the ballistically uncomplicated and the more romantic.

Voluminous and passive, the best of all is the time. Three nymphs surrounded by lyra.

Crete Cypriot this blush, that I have no anger.

Euboea self-loving and abstaining apples.

I might have sat beside her on the bench

I don't mind

Iris doltish little ass bearing curved back met.

Access the goddess on bended knee said request.

arm held downwards

kneeling on both knees

Of salt with him, what that might bring. It was so beautiful

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The Right Andromeda

Hours' trusted state and hands up,
an apple upon them, and were so far on the rocks,
as far as the thread set the Balearic.

Messenger red and spinach long
Naked bare feet fell over her shoulder
Drops of pine needles, hollow shell
pawn, if you give a damn about it,
do not bare-knit sackcloth.

I am not distressed by my misfortune if I belong to you,
I'm not disturbed if everything has me in the desert,
for I lie, I'm rhyming.

Quite soon the stormy season stops,
the gale and fog and frost let up;
I'll often be just white and black;
and felt branch and leaf stiffness.

He had warm tears running lights;
Oyster cable bringing the nest,
marble would be needed, unwitting
Slit too slowly, sage pacing,
abundant perfume fires;
or may I sink on bitter seas, liquid air
Chiffon in brine, a sea shell for a bright cup.
High: what is up, maybe mine;
Titanic, a murky heel and silk scarves in air.
Scaling knees, tremblant like paper,
She looks good in red
the black water
I also had a brow pendant;
I was adored by these things; however, I do not know where they traversed.

Venus crouching and arranging her hair

Mouth, what do you say,
Green girls suffused with myrtle
Collar rent and the smell of the place, never my crescent
And this is sitting in the midst of pleasure;

Their eyes were able to preserve,
an underarm spill lifts the shadow of a curl to the right
Report, envelope to open
I'm not sure what's happening
They say you get it, I've heard.

Therefore it is stated that fervent straightened legs
filter partners, it is a throat of a lime,
A rippled type to an oval,
Conspicuous blame for four women in elements
Done in trial, clips unweave golden and horn
to avoid the left curve in taste.

The narrow middle portion, continued of sweet containment,
Grasping a tight angle
Outwardly murmuring the small scent of an end,
Oils and color, the idea of skin
to make herself a breeze, and then there was a door in these places.
Which with the well-watered pastures at home,
To feel a quickening, the capture of a hand and arms.

Madonna and Child and Two Angels

Anthologia, or "Garland."

In the middle of spring and autumn, hollow crepe

When the mind lies low indigo Absent the desk

bundled Ives

take perspective in a reduced corner and mistrust in the left eye

I do not attribute myself to having poets on their fingers; visualizing the
genius of the arches

How do you think

Grave continent, hand alpine over ear-color whistling

It is built on the top of a large petal and spreads amphitheatrically on a
steep hillside.

Giving salt to a place elbows arms passed by a filed neck

gilt handles care for return olives

grain ice

gold

Three delights in his head.

Winged Youth Abducting Girl with Lyre

Cooling in violet air
The arena is doubled and counted
flying her owl, storage

four views of two horsemen
veiled man
Stirrup jar with octopus
91 (oftentimes time long collected and pain
“All pepper”: ‘all vinegar.’
the rustling of whose leaves
a performer singing ten fragments
taking care of the stone, is remembered.

and From where a good beverage can not be made to wine and to be more and more avoided in all its spices than sweet, but in the third degree to the measure of the gentle black liquor, then 8 “You have a glory, you are a gentle man, you are a gentleman, If you are still in the wrong place, you will have another drink, and you will be able to drink a lot, even if you are in the middle of the day.”

The Orgy

Because stopping can not even stay

And to declare my thinness

And what to untie and cut I can bring great razor acuity.

And because whoever I can pick up, Cabello said to me in front of my head

And in case anyone allows me to leave, I can not afterwards take me,

pinning me with a firm hand.

The hollow vase a cave and linen fuerunt

And to taste happily the white smooth leg

No one on account of my unwashed hands

should refuse to eat or sit down readily with me,

for I have never done anything unpleasant with my hands.

I have indeed touched the breast, plaited hair and the chin

We always have a reason to say that, the tambour, the small map, the paraphernalia

Backing against the side of a thigh, skin taken

an obverse flavor, a man is very pleased to be in want

Leant softly against the table

With a surgeon's skill wrapping cloth clothing the body

To tame the hair

Bending a link there placed on a cloud

Hearing a whispered sound inside such rushed force

Touched fingers, the eye

Stripped bare in an opportunity

The nude in the room

Felt the weight of flesh and muscle grasped and taken, given

The scent of heat, as a tree of art more active

The Battle of Love

Moved in force, quail bodies under pleached limes, spread ankle to ankle
In Bar, far to the south, an angelic spate without sheets
The sun burns, the air holds long days, I am vibrating.

and thee kallipetilon, laying pass,
receiver inserts water,
the foal prosthetic echoes pall;
sizzling grown-ups for infecting males
The work is naive, tracerly and uncomplicated. It is speculated that these figures
dance in honor of Hermes, the Arcadian god of rams.

Now under pines, physics in the grass
Grease angled as a release
Foil and horn abut the line from armpit to hand
A soul grabs to entail entrance
Islanded reply

A Modern Olympia

April is in my mistress' face

it is said to be the dark brunette under a perpetual shadow, whose rays never leave sun there in the moon. Oh, beautiful woman, that in the rays of love warm you, you've believe that so lion be witness of the core, evidence in desire of terrain forward, "I said to her, to this river so much that I may understand that you sing: you make me remember where and what was Proserpina in the time that she lost her mother, and she springs. As it turns, with the plants pressed on the ground and intra if, woman who dances, and foot before foot with pain puts, turn up the vermilion and up the yellow florets towards me, not otherwise than virgin that honest eyes endorse; as soon as it was there, where the grasses were already wet by the waves of the beautiful river, it was a gift from his eyes. I do not think it shone so much light under the lashes to Venus, pierced by the son out of all his custom. She laughed from the other straight bank, treating more color with her hands, and the high earth without seed.

I take time for lunch and lace

Yes. What do you think about flowers?

The glacial gardens and greenery, stoneware, which is whitish and greasy.

What Romans did you see in such screens?

And eyelashes were not male or Irish, and there are all the fine refusals, you will be happy, and of my slightest heart

And of starches, which has three of them stretched out

And if I want to retain my dream I promise, I duck better with my love.

Mountains in Provence

é

What do you think clears me, what do you think?
There is no way to roll the ocean
The cypress is smashed, and the road is gradually
Frustrated with cold drinks, simmering and cooling.
The laurel trees are secluded by the mountains,
It's pure and embarrassing.

Two disharmonious teeth
The upper crust for stone
Unique brackets, abundant grilled wine,
The soil of this province was greenish and light.
A carpenter tastes the chipped rock
The lower right quadrant quickening in its dimensions.
A boulder carries more, who planted these trees?
Two people see one shape,
A full concave trunk of a holm oak
Thyme, the mistral
Black leaves in evident care for depth of a line.

Small gradient pastures suffer the limestone nearby
And recall to a father who swallows whole places.

Strigil with Female Athlete

ns, but so many singularities through which the pre-
tendant passes. The genius of the pretender Richemont is not simple-claims by de-
to give an account of the other pretend-ers by assuming
to say by making them, too, the singularities by
I give an account "of Louis XVII, nor to
at does not identify with Louis XVII,
who passes by all the singularities of
Hervagault and Mathaurin Bruneau
t a series of singularities forming a
on the circle, passing through all
r, nor is there an abt:cbmenis the
savoring the same cr eatures as his
of his loje the subje ct himself all
fore me the king! }It is therefore
As for the center, nothing but
that it is, fraudulent, since it
but only local singularities
that we find so difficult to
supreme indifference is
is, this royal way of
ul persons and
pecific subject.
the discovery
y Professor of
rangers In his
racters. There
id which never
around an im-
s do not flee the
are the vehement
center, and does
overthrow it, it is
be, from the point
essentially fortuitous
fortuity of it or of
a" appears as a par-
ncreases in intensity
of intensity (Caiphe,
No doubt the circle of
177. 61

A Theory of Good Grain

Rose that is of a beautiful color
of summer carries the soul
The hands knew that the day was near;
No one will know how to tell.

I saw a little russhel,
They saw three demoiselles,
Pure night, not painted before going.
The magpie is juggling
The magpie in a tall tree
Take your rest
For such of that fresh figure,
You have a body of beautiful entailing,
It can all sit very well.

Many flowers unfolded where my foot stepped.
(with a good glass check my pictures and see if you find one such leaf)

Who bears therefore, night and day,
I am proffered if you're not bitter,
Neither precarious nor humble are you at all,
And not one of the minor pleasures.
But I'm not shaking anymore,
I do not miss an ounce of joy;
The knot of cassia branches is delayed, and the sorrows are for more people.

Red Garland

(The Island of Jersey, delivered, presents this in gratitude)

Poets are pale with study,
Fill in the rain, and sing in the night.
Self-evident and awkward, how many miles does it take?
Low relief against stippled background
floral scroll, crested mask and acanthus leaf.
Baskets bearing palmettes and strapwork.
Athene amid scholars; pine tree at water's edge and boatman.
Chape, hounds and stag with lion couchant

Lavender silk bordered with green silk;
Richly embroidered with flowers in cream colored silk and foliage in green silk.
..... I do not know how to quartz the photo fifteen colors.
I saw a bath 9 am to hedge bath
Nine miles of fun and welcome, the spirit of the cloud is like a cloud.

Five hogs, four lions, three apes, two hounds, and a hare.
Eight deep scallops; goat-colored, enormously developed oak wreaths,
Here is the sculptured bust of a man whose head is shaven;
the pearl in his earring is seized by a serpent which coils about a pedestal, having
emerged from a grape-vine.
Have a career
Find the border so that you put on the floor.

Lucien

Pale crab

Pear pile wide art

Made men cafe around considering, foil Blake

Rail around back, the hold guys.

Lobster orange scale squid ink tory bile, or, I paid 60 cents to see where

It would take me and it ended too cool for one button to trail through.

If I didn't know better I wouldn't, and it's just as simple as that really.

Shale and tile, on the nose.

Amongst fowl, peacocks and pigeons, all fenny fowl are forbidden, as ducks, geese, swans, herons, cranes, coots, didapers, waterhens, with all those teals, currs, shel-drakes, and peckled fowls, that come hither out of Scandia, Muscovy, Greenland, Friesland, which half the year are covered all over with snow and frozen up. Though these be fair in feathers, pleasant in taste, and have a good outside, like hypocrites, white in plumes, and soft, their flesh is hard, black, unwholesome, dangerous, melancholy meat; *Gravant et putrefaciunt stomachum* [they overload and spoil the stomach], saith Isaac, part. 5, de vol.; their young ones are more tolerable, but young pigeons he quite disapproves.

Content

Hail on paper
And then you'll be sowing.
The one-year-old bull
clams and strawberries,
Lie where the communal baths are,
that's not worth it, neither dressed nor naked;
I'd like you to kiss your ears.
who likes me for longhands,
With a little one I'll flutter your wings,
to be able to let loose...

Dara (Dara)

Shore-birds and wading-birds: crane & animal(s) holding something, one leg in front of the other & standing, prospect of city, town panorama, silhouette of city arm stretched forward - AA - both arms or hands & indicating, pointing at kinds of non-precious stone floating in the air. The rough surface of the fig-leaf made it suitable for gripping slippery objects. The head of the thigh pad, vine-tendrils, leaf, standing, leaning, sitting or lying with legs apart & standing. shoes, sandals & women's clothes, pedestal of a piece of sculpture. Youth, adolescent & nude human being the mind affected by drink, drugs or stimulants, oils and vegetable fats. Drums are not the hands clause of the horns are missing. And, if lost, such signs are? This I teach that the gifts wears horns, bells and waving crazy racks. For this reason he is wise who dilutes me well with us, who are in charge of juicy waves, he who does not is seared with burning fire of the liver. Sitting or lying with one leg stretched forward and the other leg drawn up & sitting, beasts of prey, predatory animals: lion, animal with mouth wide open, giving food. The pillar of the marble, in the hills on one side stands a pitcher, on the other you see a wash-basin. Completeness our mind, and the judge are honest, these are only, but these are Calais. Relies on the weight of the sand and rises in an arc where more and kept down, the more it lifts the burden. It has a sweet and fragrant Council, bullets, by which the board first honor is. So not fear the thief, the food winds and rains, safe among men, safe among gods. Groups of trees, beard, and sailing-ship. A lure the duck, and feathers of blue, used to come and go to her. Synergists saw flying through the air, chatter, welcoming them into their sheep, and excused the net until she lead unsuspecting conscious but she is silent. Villosse fish goat, added a pair of horns his deceptive leaves her standing high on the beach. Lying figure, ornament, woman (showing herself) undressed, quasi-nude, leaves of lettuce dead. Hence the soil that lettuce, do not cruel love conquer the female mind her magic arts, your wine with bird motacilla available to you, how quadriradial circular orb. Sitting on an elevation, Tell me, where are the curving arch? dirt into the bay bottom, sweet taste fruits: pomegranate & heraldic plants clasp fastened clothes, brooch, agraffe, clasp, buckle, Eunomus her palm signs of ornaments. Beautiful hair is beautiful digestable order of the branches bears no hair is beautiful hair, as parsley foliage wreathes. Solon of old is said to have ordained that quinces be given to newly-weds, since these are pleasant both to mouth and stomach. As a result their breath is sweet, and winning grace drops from their lips. Agreeable smell, outside the green, so has the pallor. Gold to come these apples pleasing bitterness that for the Greeks glycyphycros love blooming like a flock. -Kabel: longitude A. 372

King Lud's Entrenchments and The Drift

King Lud's Entrenchments

ABC of Women

Debate between Winter and Summer

How to Make Red Vermilion

How to Temper Azure

How to Make Grass-Green

How to Make Another Kind of Green

Another for Yellow-Green

How to Apply Silverfoil

How to Make Iron as Hard as Steel

How to Make White Lead

Take the juice of a rotten apple, and temper your verdigris with it, and write.
Reduce with sugarcane and this is the place of the dance to be invoked, you are
Mary trading Suns, I crave a sea-colored drove off.

The Drift

White jade is in the town, and the stone is blue.

mysterious black toe three crises in security

The other day I was going

By a shore,

The male is weak and the female is on the beach.

Clouds are stunned, the rain outside the curtain, the spring is bleak.

I don't know what I am as a guest in my dreams.

It's easy to see when it's easy to see when you're alone. Flowing water and falling
flowers are also going to the sky.

The waters were confined (so as to form a marsh); and the tract was successfully
brought under management.

“The world is turbid, I am clear, everyone is drunk, I am alone, so I see it!”

The Tholos

A bowl of fruit, three friends

House member in rear document

Arm or hand held in front of the body - both arms or hands (holding something)
at the far end, the plate colored surface in orient rotating cool dust.

Place age angled bow, a trite corral pointing in green

Basque reject

We call pensive an afternoon shrub to press in air
the last term deserves praise,

Thus enter the cave waters a clever man.

So dropsy 6 runs over a cough dies.

To Galen said, if the five pieces in hot

Anytime every day to take care of the water

This water will be able to enjoy the simple one

With a plane-tree, the cloister covers an area;

the prosperity of a wild herb, that is the most virgin.

Populated areas basically do not have waves, without interest you look at it.

Melius est fodere quam saltare

[It is better to dig than to dance]

When shoures sweet of raine discended soft,
Causing the ground, fele times and oft,
Up for to give many an wholesome aire,
And every plaine was clothed faire

With new greene, and maketh small flours
To springen here and there in field and in mede -
Three of the vine brings forth grapes, I see three cups on the table,
If you look about, comparing it with what.

Change three times, and he teaches these paintings and we drink;
Hold a grudge, to drive the other from the breast,
World cup but the mix of friends
Among them, there.

Phaedra

When I hear gardens singing out, clear,
when everywhere the meadows are pied,
The principle and root of all good or gastronomy
A thin flecked clavicle, tan and angular
Well put together and extremely nice.
Closed entire, used to great benefit,
You don't make mistakes.
We are pleased with it,
The smell of flour, heliotrope and citron
The case that makes up a body all dressed in green.
Movements through an envelope curtained into frame,
Visiting from Lausanne and relaxed in action.
Concentric ethics made into progress,
I feel like sleeping, I dreamed a being
that I was going to have more knots to have.
The object never satisfies, explanation always aches;
Patience is an oil held in the hand, death has a color.
An imagined life, to take what breaks your heart and keep it
Loveliness is mortality, in her figure before it was seen
Thin and frail and brutal with glorious, dedicated fingers.
So my heart sprouts and blooms and bears its fruits,
I don't sing love or want to have a friend
who's pretty, sharp and versed in courtesy.
Tape, a bare shoulder, heel, round and with a fortunate scar.
The shape assumes itself in the mind:
She wept into uncombed hair, and you saw it.
When all the leaves are opening on the trees
and I relax, people are good, people are
talking about how gentle you are getting up,
how cool your oil is and its fresh color.
The morning dew spreads out and seems sweet,
Upon the grass down to the willow.

<i>der neactus</i>	25.3	<i>Taurominitanum</i>	li=	<i>Thera infula</i>	21.6
<i>Stygis aquam nullo</i>		<i>tus ηοπρίαυ dici</i>	26.3	<i>Therafia infula</i>	21.6
<i>uafe contineri</i>	25.3	<i>Teges</i>	6.4	<i>Thia infula</i>	21.6
<i>Stygis aquam ungula</i>		<i>Temeritas</i>	11.3	<i>Thracius uir ruris co-</i>	
<i>tantum iumentu con-</i>		<i>Temeritas ubiq;</i>	tur=	<i>lendi infolens</i>	6.4
<i>tineri</i>	25.3	<i>pis</i>	13.3	<i>Trafceas uentus</i>	8.5
<i>Stygis aqua pesti=</i>		<i>Temeritate nihil</i>	tur-	<i>Thrafcias , Thracias ,</i>	
<i>fera</i>	25.3	<i>pius</i>	13.3	<i>Thrafceas idem uen</i>	
<i>Subfolanus</i>	8.5	<i>Temperatura</i>	2.1	<i>tus</i>	16.5
<i>Succuffio</i>	21.6	<i>Tempora tria</i>	32.6	<i>Threces gladiato-</i>	
<i>Sudum quid fit</i>	4.4	<i>Tēporis nos nihil nifi</i>		<i>res prologo</i>	4
<i>Sulfuris odorē gra-</i>		<i>instans habere</i>	32.6	<i>Tibicines</i>	27.3
<i>ueis anhelitus fa=</i>		<i>Tēporis punctū</i>	32.6	<i>Tollones</i>	9.2
<i>cere</i>	53.2	<i>Tempus præfens bre</i>		<i>Tronitru</i>	12.2
<i>Summos quoque uiros</i>		<i>ue esse</i>	36.6	<i>Tonitru acerbū</i>	27.2
<i>labi</i>	10.3	<i>Tentyris infula</i>	2.4	<i>Tonitru quomodo</i>	
<i>Sydera humore pa-</i>		<i>Tentyritas Crocodilis</i>		<i>fit</i>	12.2
<i>fci</i>	5.2	<i>dominari</i>	2.4	<i>Tonitru quomodo edi</i>	
<i>Syderalis scientiæ ua-</i>		<i>Terræmotu cui sacri-</i>		<i>tur</i>	54.2
<i>nitatis</i>	32.2	<i>ficium fieri debe-</i>		<i>Tonfiles fyluæ pro-</i>	
<i>Sydera platitudinem</i>		<i>at</i>	3.6	<i>logo</i>	1
<i>Zodiaci euagari</i>	26.7	<i>Terræmotū quis de-</i>		<i>Torrebia lacus</i>	25.3
<i>Syderum duæ conuer-</i>		<i>us deaue faciat incer-</i>		<i>Trachones</i>	24.3
<i>fiones</i>	32.2	<i>tum</i>	3.6	<i>Traducere quid</i>	
<i>Sderum duo gene=</i>		<i>Terræmotus sex gene</i>		<i>fit</i>	31.7
<i>ra</i>	32.2	<i>ra</i>	21.6	<i>Tragicorum mos ad</i>	
<i>Sydderum quinque in</i>		<i>Terræmotus maxi=</i>		<i>deū confugiēdi</i>	29.7
<i>genituris obserua=</i>		<i>mus</i>	1.6	<i>Tremor terræ</i>	21.6
<i>tio</i>	32.2	<i>Terræ uniuersæ in</i>		<i>Trimorion qd fit</i>	32.2
<i>Syluæ tonfiles pro-</i>		<i>tres partes diui-</i>		<i>Tropei uenti</i>	8.5
<i>logo</i>	1	<i>fio</i>	7.6	<i>Turbines</i>	8.5
<i>Syluas tonfiles qs pri=</i>		<i>Terram frigidi spir=</i>		<i>Turbinis uiolen-</i>	
<i>mus instituit pro-</i>		<i>tus quatiune</i>	24.6	<i>tia</i>	22.2
<i>logo</i>	1	<i>Terram multos specus</i>		<i>Turbo accensus</i>	12.5
T		<i>habere</i>	15.6	<i>Turbo quid fit</i>	9.7
<i>Tages deus Hetrusco</i>		<i>Terrā qd moueat</i>	3.6		(& 13.5
<i>rum</i>	41.2	<i>Terram totam fungi</i>		<i>Turbo terrestris</i>	13.5
<i>Tanais Europā Afri-</i>		<i>modo subhiare</i>	15.6	<i>Typhon</i>	13.5
<i>am'q; diuidit</i>	7.6	<i>Terra porosa</i>	2.4	<i>Typhones</i>	8.5

	V	<i>de fiat</i>	4 & 6.5	<i>Vortex procel=</i>	
<i>Varietas colorum in</i>		<i>Vesariū uenti</i>	8.5	<i>la</i>	12.5
<i>arcu unde fit</i>	3.1	<i>Vestæ rifus qd fit</i>	12.2	<i>Vrbes uariūs modis</i>	
<i>Veneris natura</i>	32.2	<i>Veterum scripta reli-</i>		<i>pire prologo</i>	3
<i>Venti duodecim</i>	8.5	<i>giose tractanda ef-</i>		<i>Vrina reddita cur</i>	
<i>Venti duplex defi-</i>		<i>se</i>	5.1	<i>tremore corrip-</i>	
<i>nitio</i>	1.5	<i>Viciniam rerum etiã</i>		<i>mur</i>	14.6
<i>Ventos à quatuor sy-</i>		<i>discordium fimilem</i>		<i>Vulturno spirãte res</i>	
<i>deribus cõcitari</i>	6.5	<i>esse</i>	14.2	<i>maiores appare=</i>	
<i>Ventorū genera</i>	8.5	<i>Virgiliū locus expo-</i>		<i>re</i>	3.1
<i>Ventos quæ causa gi-</i>		<i>fitus</i>	6.1	<i>Vulcani rifus quid</i>	
<i>gnat</i>	6.5	<i>Virilé ætaem à Mar</i>		<i>fit</i>	12.2
<i>Ventos fol sedat &</i>		<i>te regi</i>	32.2	<i>Vulturnus</i>	8.5
<i>conciat</i>	6.5	<i>Vniuerso collata uel</i>			
<i>Venti à quibus exci=</i>				Z	
<i>tantur</i>	6.5	<i>maxima nuella eé ui</i>		<i>Zephyrus</i>	8.5
<i>Ventus qd fit & un=</i>		<i>dentur</i>	11.4	<i>Zephyri leuco-</i>	
		<i>Vocū differentiae</i>	6.2	<i>noti</i>	16.5

* a b c d e f g h i k l m n o p q r

*Omnes sunt quaterniones præter * & r terniones & h quin=*
ternionem

VENETIIS IN AEDIBVS ALDI
ET ANDREAE ASVLANI
SOCERI, MENSE
FEBRVARIO•
M•D•XXII•

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—Newell Walther, artist



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